

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now, I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate, wet lay clammy; and the marsh-mist was so thick, that the wooden finger on the post directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dykes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with Somebody-else's pork pie! Stop him!" The cattle came upon me with like suddenness, staring out of their eyes, and steaming out of their nostrils, "Halloa, young thief!" One black ox, with a white cravat on—who even had to my awakened conscience something of a clerical air—fixed me so obstinately with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I blubbered out to him, "I couldn't help it, sir! It wasn't for myself I took it!" Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind-legs and a flourish of his tail.

All this time, I was getting on towards the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to which the damp cold seemed riveted, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery, pretty straight, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe, sitting on an old gun, had told me that when I was 'prentice to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there! However, in the con-

fusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out. Making my way along here with all despatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man!

And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat broad-brimmed low-crowned felt hat on. All this, I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in; he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the young man!" I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him. I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery, after that, and there was the right man—hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner—more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while, so violently, that it was quite as

much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off.

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here," I told him. "You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish. Rheumatic, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there, directly arterwards. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you."

He was gobbling mincemeat, meat-bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie, all at once: staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said, suddenly:

"You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?"

"No, sir! No!"

"Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?"

"No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warmint is!"

Something clicked in his throat, as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

Pitying his desolation, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

"Did you speak?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thankee, my boy. I do."

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction, of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

"I am afraid you won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly; after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of making the remark. "There's no more to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impelled me to offer the hint.

"Leave any for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pie-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

"Oh ah!" he returned, with something like

a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! He don't want no wittles."

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the keenest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now."

"Where?"

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and—and"—I was very anxious to put this delicately—"and with—the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. Didn't you hear the cannon last night?"

"Then, there *was* firing!" he said to himself.

"I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further away, and we were shut in besides."

"Why, see now!" said he. "When a man's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishing of cold and want, he hears nothin' all night, but guns firing, and voices calling. Hears? He sees the soldiers, with their red coats lighted up by the torches carried afore, closing in round him. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders 'Make ready! Present! Cover him steady, men!' and is laid hands on—and there's nothin'! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night—coming up in order, Damn 'em, with their tramp, tramp—I see a hundred. And as to firing! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, arter it was broad day.—But this man," he had said all the rest, as if he had forgotten my being there; "did you notice anything in him?"

"He had a badly bruised face," said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

"Not here?" exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek mercilessly, with the flat of his hand.

"Yes! There!"

"Where is he?" He crammed what little food was left, into the breast of his grey jacket. "Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down, like a bloodhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

I indicated in what direction the mist had shrouded the other man, and he looked up at it for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, sifting at his iron like a madman, and not minding me or minding his own leg, which had an old chafe upon it and was bloody, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I

could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee and he was working hard at his fetter; muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

CHAPTER IV.

I FULLY expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was prodigiously busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dustpan—an article into which his destiny always led him sooner or later; when my sister was vigorously reaping the floors of her establishment.

"And where the deuce ha' you been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience showed ourselves.

I said I had been down to hear the Carols. "Ah! well!" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might ha' done worse." Not a doubt of it, I thought.

"Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife, and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, I should have been to hear the Carols," said Mrs. Joe. "I'm rather partial to Carols, myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any."

Joe, who had ventured into the kitchen after me as the dustpan had retired before us, drew the back of his hand across his nose with a conciliatory air when Mrs. Joe darted a look at him, and, when her eyes were withdrawn, secretly crossed his two forefingers, and exhibited them to me, as our token that Mrs. Joe was in a cross temper. This was so much her normal state, that Joe and I would often, for weeks together, be, as to our fingers, like monumental Crusaders as to their legs.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mincemeat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be cut off unceremoniously in respect of breakfast; "for I an't," said Mrs. Joe, "I an't a going to have no formal cramming and busting and washing up now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

So, we had our slices served out, as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march instead of a man and boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic countenances, from a jug on the dresser. In the mean time, Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and tacked a new flowered-flounce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and uncovered the little state parlour across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool haze of silver paper, which even extended to the four little white crockery poodles on the mantel-

shelf, each with a black nose and a basket of flowers in his mouth, and each the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Joe was a very clean house-keeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and some people do the same by their religion.

My sister having so much to do, was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances, than anything else. Nothing that he wore then, fitted him or seemed to belong to him; and everything that he wore then, grazed him. On the present festive occasion he emerged from his room, when the blithe bells were going, the picture of misery, in a full suit of Sunday penitentials. As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accoucheur Policeman had taken up (on my birthday) and delivered over to her, to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends. Even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the free use of my limbs.

Joe and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet, what I suffered outside, was nothing to what I underwent within. The terrors that had assailed me whenever Mrs. Joe had gone near the pantry, or out of the room, were only to be equalled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the banns were read and when the clergyman said, "Ye are now to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private conference in the vestry. I am far from being sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for its being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble the wheelwright and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe appropriated him), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Joe and I got home, we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was, at any other time) for the company to enter by, and everything most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings; and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B. I was not allowed to call him uncle, under the severest penalties.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook: a large hard-breathing middle-aged slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked, and had that moment come to; "I have brought you, as the compliments of the season—I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine—and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumbbells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Un—cle Pum—ble—chook! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's no more than your merits. And now are you all bob-bish, and how's Sixpennorth of halfpence?" meaning me.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlour; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in any other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little curly sharp-edged person in sky-blue, who held a conventionally juvenile position, because she had married Mr. Hubble—I don't know at what remote period—when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough high-shouldered stooping old man, of a sawdusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart: so that in my short days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

Among this good company, I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at an acute angle of the tablecloth, with the table

in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the scaly tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those obscure corners of pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unfortunate little bull in a Spanish arena, I got so smartingly touched up by these moral goads.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation—as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third—and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This moral mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr. Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally vicious." Everybody then murmured "True!" and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

Joe's station and influence were something feeblery (if possible) when there was company, than when there was none. But he always aided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated—in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open"—what kind of sermon he would have given them. After favouring them with some heads of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of the day's homily, ill chosen; which was the Jess excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about."

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it, sir! Plenty of subjects, going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject, if he's ready with his salt-box." Mr. Pumblechook added, after a short interval of reflection, "Look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

"True, sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew he was going to lug me in, before he said it; "might be deduced from that text."



("You listen to this," said my sister to me, in a severe parenthesis.)

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Swine," pursued Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork at my blushes, as if he were mentioning my christian name; "Swine were the companions of the prodigal. The gluttony of Swine is put before us, as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been praising up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is detestable in a pig, is more detestable in a boy."

"Or girl," suggested Mr. Hubble.

"Of course, or girl, Mr. Hubble," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably, "but there is no girl present."

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharp on me, "think what you've got to be grateful for. If you'd been born a Squeaker——"

"He *was*, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Well, but I mean a four-footed Squeaker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you——"

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nodding towards the dish.

"But I don't mean in that form, sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had an objection to being interrupted; "I mean, enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination?" turning on me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings according to the market price of the article, and Dunstable the butcher would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!"

Joe offered me more gravy, which I was afraid to take.

"He was a world of trouble to you, ma'am," said Mrs. Hubble, commiserating my sister.

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?"

And then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of sleeplessness I had committed, and all the high places I had tumbled from, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave and I had contumaciously refused to go there.

I think the Romans must have aggravated one another very much, with their noses. Perhaps, they became the restless people they were, in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanours, that I should have liked to pull it until he howled. But, all I had endured up to this time, was nothing in comparison with the

awful feelings that took possession of me when the pause was broken which ensued upon my sister's recital, and in which pause everybody had looked at me (as I felt painfully conscious) with indignation and abhorrence.

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as biled—is rich, too; ain't it?"

"Have a little brandy, uncle," said my sister.

O Heavens, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he would say it was weak, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table under the cloth, with both hands, and awaited my fate.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out: no one else taking any. The wretched man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time, Mrs. Joe and Joe were briskly clearing the table for the pie and pudding.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterwards, the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic whooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window, violently plunging and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful situation, it was a relief when he was brought back, and, surveying the company all round as if *they* had disagreed with him, sank down into his chair with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I knew he would be worse by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the vigour of my unseen hold upon it.

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, how ever could Tar come there?"

But, Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear of the subject, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time at least, I was saved. I still held on the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervour of gratitude.

By degrees, I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of gin-and-water. I began to think I

should get over the day, when my sister said to Joe, "Clean plates—cold."

I clutched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's!"

Must they! Let them not hope to taste it!

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie; a savoury pork pie."

The company murmured their compliments. Uncle Pumblechook, sensible of having deserved well of his fellow-creatures, said—quite vivaciously, all things considered—"Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavours; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw reawakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savoury pork pie would lay atop of anything you could mention, and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill yell of terror, merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But, I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets: one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying: "Here you are, look sharp, come on!"

#### WAITING FOR CAPUA.

THIRTY-FOUR days, and little Capua is still coquetting with her persevering, if not too pressing, suitors; now affecting to sleep, but ever keeping open one bright vigilant eye; now closing her lips for days, only to startle the echoes of the Campagna Felice with accents that would outscold Xantippe; keeping us the besiegers (to be plain) in a state of excitement and watchfulness that goes near to render the siege, which has hitherto been a pleasure, a scarcely mitigated bore. What does the little vixen mean? Well, she knows that her intrepid lover, Giuseppe of the victorious band, is, indeed, the soldier of humanity, and that, though one hour's wooing with his mortars might bring her to his feet, she is safe from that stern summons.

Waiting for something to fall, that *must* fall, whether it be tree, or city, or considerable landed estate, has the invariable effect of clogging the wheel of time; it accordingly seems, about two years since Capua, one fine October morning, adventured a sortie, and threw Naples herself into a flutter: when Giuseppe Garibaldi appeared, and, with his own hand, flung her back, clipping her tail feathers as she flew.

Since that memorable epoch, we have been gradually fortifying against such another little alarm, which caused a most wanton sacrifice of tricolored flags and nascent opinions of freedom, and beguiled persons of courtly leanings into indiscreet prophecies not justified by the event. I think it must have been about fourteen months ago, that we placed another twelve-pounder in position. It appears to have been many weeks subsequent to *this*, that a new battery was marked out, though not absolutely begun. Within more recent recollection, two boats, out of the twenty required to bridge the Volturno, were noticed in a backward state of unpreparation. And lastly—quite lately, indeed—a Piedmontese soldier was clearly distinguishable on the slopes of distant Teano. Things are coming to a crisis. It will be well to take up a position near the front, say at Santa Maria, and with an occasional glance at Naples when there is nothing doing, hold ourselves in readiness for anything that may occur. And, judging from our own note-book, we are in excellent season.

Oct. 13. The enemy did a little firing at our silent batteries, but could not draw them into argument. They fired with great precision, but, our people being under shelter, one only was touched—shot through the arm. The enemy apparently massing troops on the right and left, their patrols and videttes being plainly visible. A traitor on our side, last night, found means to plant a long rod or wand in rear of Dowling's guns, concealed on the road at St. Sorio, so that their position might be visible to the enemy on the opposite hill. A quantity of ammunition was also scattered in the ditch. St. Dash's report of the day, informs the general that "appearances in general indicate an attack."

Oct. 14. The long-expected English battalion arrived in two steamers, after a protracted voyage, seven hundred and eighty strong; but were not permitted to land, either because nothing was ready for them, or (politer explanation) that the authorities desired to afford time for the people to get up an ovation.

Oct. 15. Last night the enemy walked off with an entire picket, an officer and sixteen men. Very early in the morning, two battalions of riflemen came out, and attacked a position near St. Angelo, hitherto occupied by the division Medici. These had, however, been withdrawn, and the enemy found himself in contact with the flower of the Piedmontese army—the Bersaglieri—who speedily drove them off, taking twenty prisoners.

Our friend St. Dash had a narrow escape to-day. He had stopped to speak to General Corti, and was in the act of turning away, when a large fragment of shell struck the general's horse on the head. The poor animal's jaw hung down, and he span wildly round and round, upsetting the rider—who was happily untouched. Had the conversation lasted a moment longer, St. Dash could hardly have escaped.

The English battalion disembarked to-day, half-stunned with applause, and half-suffocated

with flowers—a fine body of half-drilled fellows, with rather insubordinate-looking faces, and a decidedly hungry expression in their eyes. No wonder. On board of one of the vessels, they had been reduced, for the last three days, to biscuit and salt butter. Some unfortunate mal-arrangement has already begun to betray itself, in dissensions among the officers; and the most popular among them, he to whose exertions such efficiency as the regiment could boast was really due, had scarcely set foot on shore, when he was placed under arrest. Although the regiment had been expected for a fortnight, and had been actually in harbour twenty-four hours, no rations were prepared for the famished men. After being marched to barracks, they were turned loose upon the town; such as had money being left to provide themselves; such as had not, receiving about fourpence—with which, ignorant of the language and the price and character of food, they were expected to purchase a meal.

From causes not here pretended to be analysed, certain it is that fortune has rarely smiled upon those military expeditions in which Englishmen array themselves under the banners of a foreign power. Some tincture of disrepute invariably attaches to them. Viewed with disfavour at home, the noble fortitude and courage which is inseparable from banded Englishmen, have often proved powerless to redeem the bad fortune which has attended their career.

Oct. 16. Little or no firing to-day, but constant movement of the enemy's troops keeping us on the alert. The English regiment pushed on to Caserta, where they were inspected and addressed by their gallant colonel (Pearce); also by the Countess de la Torre, who wore a very pretty dress, difficult to describe—but there were trousers in it—a light, and perhaps serviceable, sabre, and a few pistols. Her speech was as concise as one of Suwarrow's bulletins:

"Ingles! I am whiz you always."

Let us hope the lady will not adhere too closely to this pledge. The battalion has evidently yet to learn discipline: a fault which might lead their constant associate into positions of difficulty.

Loud cheers followed the little address above mentioned, and these were redoubled on the arrival, a few minutes later, of a large hamper of excellent wine: a gift from the lady. But, alas for popularity! no sooner did it become known that the rosy stream was to flow for the officers alone, than the enthusiasm sank to zero. Hoarse murmurs succeeded, and

"What the (Hades) does this Countess Toarey mean by humbuggin' us?" growled the mouth-piece of company No. 1.

Nevertheless, honour to the Countess de la Torre, whose generous efforts on behalf of the wounded cannot be too highly commended.

Oct. 17. While at breakfast, two heavy guns, followed by a smart fusillade, the latter close at hand, caused us to hurry into the street. On reaching the ruins of the amphitheatre we found a portion of the British regiment stationed in the square, while the officers were

doing their utmost to recal two companies, who had sallied forth on their own account into the adjacent wood, and, under the very noses of the enemy, were trying their new rifles against the thrushes and tom-tits! The fire was well sustained, the men having received forty rounds of rifle ammunition each. Garibaldi sent an aide-de-camp at full speed to learn the meaning of the fire; but it was not until one unfortunate Piedmontese soldier on outpost duty had been shot dead by a glancing ball, that the stragglers were reassembled, coming in like sulky children, half inclined to rebel.

"What do these fellows mean by going on in this way without orders?" said an English gentleman, standing near.

"What do *you* mean by 'fellows'?" retorted one of the legionaries. "That man's father," (pointing to a comrade) "is worth two thousand a year!"

Went with Colonel D'Anonymous and General Wheat (an American officer of some distinction, who has brought to Garibaldi a cannon of his own invention) to examine a new battery at St. Angelo—designed to cover the passage of the river.

To-night, an alarm: a distant bugle sounded the assembly, others took it up, then the drums. The transition from the most profound quiet to universal bustle was striking enough to the uninitiated. The night was intensely dark, as we groped our way towards the Capua gate, passing the troops hastily collecting in the square. The artillery horses were already out and harnessed, but not yet attached to the guns. At the gate, everybody was on the alert, listening and forming conjectures. No firing was to be heard, but we learned that before our arrival some rifle-shots had been heard at the outposts. Presently, a general, whose face we could not recognise in the gloom, galloped up, attended by his aides and orderlies, and was informed that one of our patrols had seen a large body of the enemy moving in the wood, and had heard the bugles of a corps d'élite rarely employed but when the enemy are in earnest. Nothing, however, came of it; and, after waiting under arms for an hour, the troops were dismissed.

Oct. 19th. The English regiment were in action to-day about eleven A.M. They occupied a farm-house at the outpost; the enemy lay in a rival farm and adjacent fields, bounded by thick hedges. One company of the English advanced, skirmishing, supported by two others; the Piedmontese on their left; Captain Cowper, with four guns, in their rear, in readiness for contingencies. The men behaved admirably, driving the enemy from the fields and house, but having little conception of cover, suffered some loss—among others, Mr. Tucker, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed. An officer who was within a pace or two of him when he fell, told me he was without arms, and had just quitted the cover of a tree, with his hands clasped behind him—his favourite attitude—when a ball struck him on the forehead,



and he sank forward a corpse, with his hands still clasped behind him.

Oct. 20. After breakfast, drove to St. Angelo; hardly a soldier to be seen. Surprised at this unusual tranquillity we went on to the post at St. Torio, where the officer in command informed St. Dash that he was in treaty with the enemy! An entire battalion had signified their wish to come across the river to-night. How to contrive their passage was the difficulty. The river at this point is a hundred and twenty feet wide, and thirty deep, with very precipitous banks. No boat was to be had, but a rope might perhaps be got across, by help of which such as dared might venture.

As a gun of ours was at this time sending an occasional shell over our heads at the enemy and alarming the country people, who were the medium of his little negotiation, St. Dash sent an orderly with a request to suspend the firing, and we then walked down the hitherto perilous road to the bank, when several of the enemy advanced, without arms, and making signs of "amicizia," while they strove to make us further comprehend that their own sentries formed the principal obstacle. The plan did not succeed. No sooner had the preliminaries commenced, after dark, than a shower of rifle-shots convinced our people of its impracticability.

Oct. 23. Nothing of interest, in front, excepting the removal of almost all the Sardinian troops to Maddaloni, leaving Capua in charge of the Garibaldians. The exaggerated credit given to the former for the share they had in the action of the first of October (purposely exaggerated, because it was held politic, pending the vote of annexation, to show how essential was Sardinian military aid), has given much umbrage to the Garibaldisti: to lessen which, the place of honour has been conceded to them.

A curious camp incident; which it is not law for a civilian to criticise; he may merely record it as unquestionable fact.

The intrepid leader of the English battalion aroused his men about midnight, and announced to them his intention of taking Capua at once. Three guides had been provided, and fifty men more told off, to lead the way. How the walls were to be scaled and the ditch crossed, nobody knew: certainly no means were furnished for these little preliminaries. Somewhat staggered at the manifest hopelessness of such an attempt, the officers held a hasty consultation, and three of their number waited upon the general of their division, Medici, requesting his opinion. The general declined absolutely to countermand the movement, but contented himself with declaring that he would have nothing to do with so mad a scheme. In the mean time, the colonel had gone forward with twenty men, halting once to send back for fifty more, and again for a hundred more. With most of these he arrived within a stone's throw of Capua: having, by the way, laid open the skull of one of the guides for having, as he said, misled them. Here, he lay perdu till near dawn, when it became advisable

to retire. On the following day, fifty men quitted his regiment, and formed themselves into an artillery company, under Colonel Dowling.

Oct. 25. Returned from Naples this morning, taking two friends and the sister of one of them, who was going to visit the wounded English. At Caserta, we found that Garibaldi had shifted his head-quarters to Santa Maria. Nearly all the troops gone forward, and strong reports of an action near St. Angelo. Aides-de-camp had been sent out to investigate, but none had returned. Advised not to take ladies any further—a warning which of course induced the ladies of our party to insist on being taken at least as far as Santa Maria. Nothing occurred, except that Garibaldi crossed the river on a bridge of boats, to join Victor Emmanuel.

A deserter was smuggled out of Capua, in what was carelessly described as a "tea-kettle;" probably one of the large coppers in which the soldiers' soup is made. He reported that but two weak battalions are left in the town.

Oct. 27. A loud explosion in Capua, aroused us in the night—a magazine, or possibly blowing up some of the stores, before surrender.

Left, at seven A.M., for St. Angelo. Some heavy firing on the left, chiefly from the city. All the troops under arms, on either side of the road—a very animated spectacle. The fire increased, everything indicating a serious action; St. Dash rubbed his hands with delight. The coachman showing symptoms of discomfort, we abandoned our chariot, and proceeded across the fields; climbing to the top of a shattered farm, we saw what was passing. A strong column had left Capua by the Santa Maria gate, had driven in our outposts, and occupied several of our farms. The heavy guns covering their advance, shelled one of these houses so severely, that a Calabrese battalion which occupied it retired without the ceremony of waiting for orders. In consequence of this, other posts had to be withdrawn also, until the troops, hastily collected from St. Angelo, recovered the lost positions. This operation cost a considerable amount of gunpowder, but very little life: the enemy falling back almost immediately.

Another strange incident, in connexion with the English battalion, occurred this morning, some leagues from hence. Doubtless it will be related with the usual exaggerations and inaccuracies. I note it down, from the perfectly coincident statements of two eye-witnesses—acquaintances of my own, both formerly in her Majesty's service. It seems that the regiment, owing to some mismanagement, had received no other rations, while on the march with Garibaldi, than two biscuits a day. Murmuring and straggling were the consequences; and on this, the third day of such frugal fare, complaints had been made of plunder: the country people alleging that a Piedmontese officer who had interposed to protect a farm-house, had been fired upon by the British pilferers. It was even affirmed that a priest had been murdered by them. Grave doubts existed as to these last charges, but, like most circumstantial fibs well



told, they obtained a certain degree of credence. It was at this unluckily moment that the priest who always accompanies Garibaldi, appeared, bringing five English soldiers prisoners, escorted by a party of the general's foot-lancers, and bearing a verbal request from him that the colonel should deal with them according to their deserts. Whether the colonel understood Garibaldi's message in its severest sense, or whether a certain degree of excitement under which he had been labouring, clouded his calmer judgment, cannot be known. The course he adopted was to address the culprits as follows:

"You are ruffianly thieves, and have brought disgrace upon the British name. The general desires that I should punish you as you deserve. You will now be *shot*."

As might be expected, there was an universal movement. The men who were sitting round their camp-fires, started up and gathered about the prisoners in a disorderly crowd. Some few caught up their arms with meaning looks. The prisoners themselves offered some agitated remonstrance: one, vowing he had only taken a fowl, and had offered payment for that: another speaking of his wife and children. The colonel replied by ordering two men from each company to form the firing party. Mr. D. now stepped forward, and, in the character of an old Sicilian comrade and friend, begged the colonel to consider the responsibility he was incurring, in taking the lives of these five men without even the form of trial.

"You do not belong to the regiment, sir," was the reply, "and I cannot permit you to interfere."

By this time, the battalion was in a state of open mutiny. It being evident that the order to execute the men, would not be obeyed, the colonel sent a hasty report to Garibaldi of the state of affairs, and demanded instructions.

"Shoot *two* of them," responded the chief.

This was found equally impracticable, and another message was sent, requesting that an Italian regiment might be marched to the spot, to execute the sentence.

"I cannot," returned Garibaldi, "allow any English soldier to suffer the disgrace of being executed by any hands but those of his own countrymen. Let the men be pardoned."

They were reserved, however, for trial, and probably for some minor penalty. Thus ended this painful scene; one of the strangest features of which was, that he whose sudden severity had nearly provoked a dangerous outbreak, is ordinarily no less thoughtful and humane than he is brave.

Oct. 29. To-day, a little battle. Firing began, very coaxingly, just as we were considering how to pass the day. Obtained a new pass from General Milwitz—having lost my own—and drove out, picking up Generals Wheat and Jackson, who had been unable to procure horses. A good deal of firing from the town, and a small roll of musketry all along the left of our line. Leaving the carriage on the road, we cut across the fields towards the "scrimmage,"

meeting many wounded, being borne away. An aide-de-camp galloped past from the front, and a minute or two later our carriage came tearing over the cross-roads at frantic speed, urged on by the aide-de-camp, pistol in hand! Our driver made helpless signs to us, intimating that he would return, if he could; and we were speculating as to what superior officer had been hit—fearing it might be General Avezzano, who was in command in front, and to whom we were bound—when the carriage returned, bringing Colonel Fabrizi, of the general staff, fearfully wounded by a shell in the thigh, arm, and head. Proceeding onward, we found the brave old general, Avezzano, where, of course, he had no business to be—among his skirmishers—doing the duty of a captain, because he did not choose to confide it to another. After a few minutes here, we sat down in the centre of a Calabrese battalion who were sheltered from the enemy's fire by the crest of a little hill. Round its base, swept a dry watercourse, leading direct from the enemy's position, and down which, if the attack was pressed, they were expected to come. An hour passed—the firing died away—and again we returned home disappointed.

Oct. 30. Heavy firing from Capua kept the troops on the alert. Walked out alone to St. Angelo, and, from the sand-bag battery, witnessed a smart little action. The day was bright and still, and the atmosphere so clear, that not a puff of the rifle-smoke nor the glister of a bayonet was lost. A large body of the enemy suddenly issued from the town, and, moving in loose order across the open ground, occupied a number of rifle-pits they have dug, and from thence opened a well-sustained fire on our people lining the wood. The movement was covered by a heavy fire from the works: the shells dropping into the wood, and the nearest farm-buildings, with an accuracy to which the number of wounded brought to the rear soon bore witness. In about half an hour, a second body came out. These were followed by two squadrons of cavalry, who, keeping well out of fire, manœuvred on their rear and right: their object being apparently, to guard against a rush upon the rifle-pits. Our line was strongly reinforced, and extended to the left; but no closer conflict took place, and in a couple of hours the enemy retired. Those extraordinary troops—the Calabresi—who sometimes fight like lions, and sometimes act like curs, to-day had a fit of the latter propensity. An officer told me, that of seven hundred men who were ordered forward, only one hundred could be brought to the scratch.

Oct. 31. In great expectation that the bombardment would commence to-day. It proved, on the contrary, to be the quietest day we have had for some time. The town is now completely invested; the Sardinians having passed their approaches within range, on the opposite side, and our batteries on *this*, only awaiting the signal. Garibaldi, who never made an offensive movement (unless the unopposed passage of the Volturno could be so regarded) after the arrival

of the Piedmontese, has resigned the command to Sirtori.

Nov. 1. Drove out with a friend to the bridge of St. Torio; leaving the carriage, we crossed over, ascended the hill, Jerusalem, and visited the four-gun battery of the enemy, with which we had fought an unsuccessful duel on the tenth of October. Returning to St. Torio, we encountered St. Dash and Cowper. The latter proposed to us to go down and visit a new mortar-battery established about six hundred yards from the walls in readiness to begin. As all seemed quiet, and it was now nearly four o'clock, the idea of a bombardment to-day, grew fainter; we therefore strolled down to the spot, and found what Cowper described as a remarkably pretty work—the most alluring part of which was, certainly, a little bomb-proof bower, into whose recesses it was not, however, permissible to enter. It was, in effect, the magazine. A great mamma-mortar, and a little daughter-mortar with a movable chin, together with a twenty-four pounder, comprised the armament; an enormous grandmamma-mortar, drawn by sixteen oxen, having sunk down helpless in the adjoining field. Owing to the height of the sand-bag parapet, and the surrounding trees, the city was wholly invisible; but a couple of steel rods placed on the parapet were supposed to be in a direct line between the mortar's mouth and the cross on the cathedral.

Being thus near the walls, a fancy seized a member of our party to advance still nearer. Accordingly, availing ourselves of what shelter we could, we crept gradually forward, until we were almost within speaking distance of the enemy, whose artillerymen lined the ramparts in crowds. A few paces beyond the last trees there was a small shed, with a roof but no walls; and this commanded so complete a view, that, trusting to the politeness of our friends on the wall, we ventured thus far, and were calmly using our opera-glasses, when Cowper's experienced eye detected a quiet movement, and we became aware that a gun was revolving silently in our direction.

It was useless to walk away, and it is not held pretty to run. We had to stand our ground, come what might. It came—a shell—well enough aimed in point of distance, but too much to the left, my friends! We dropped, and the fragments whistled among the trees. As we moved off, they sent us a present of grape, with no better effect. Scarcely had we set foot once more in the mortar-battery, than up went a signal from the hill of St. Angelo, whither King Victor Emmanuel had “come to see,” and whiz! went from our battery the first bomb against Capua. Quick as lightning, the enemy returned it with a splendid shot from a gun that had probably been laid for hours waiting to reply. The shell passed close to my friend's head, who had climbed up to peep over the parapet; went between a horse's legs; and exploded in the rear of the work, without mischief. The thundering now became incessant. We had five batteries at work; the Sardinians three; while the city,

firing from three faces, beat us all to nothing in rapidity and skill.

A poor sergeant in our battery was hit on the left side by a large fragment of shell that passed nearly through his body.

“Ahi, signor capitano! Son morto,” he gasped out to Cowper, who stood upon the parapet, watching the effect of our shells.

Cowper leaped to the ground and crammed two handkerchiefs into the frightful wound; but the poor fellow died as he was borne away.

Returning from the hill of St. Angelo, whence we witnessed the remainder of the contest, we learned that the entire loss was only five killed and twenty wounded. One of our batteries had received no less than forty shots, and was entirely silenced. The advantage, in fact, had all been on the side of our antagonists, who had sustained little or no damage. On the following morning, Capua, admitting that we were too much for her, hung out the white flag, and sent out nine thousand men to deposit their glittering arms upon the glacis.

They did not seem unhappy.

#### WATER EVERYWHERE.

THERE are worse things to gossip about, than geology; than the chronicles of the earthquake and volcano, the flood and the geyser, the olden times of the mighty lizards and mammoths. By means of such gossip, the reader may acquire a knowledge of the essentials of the science, and the writer may teach many weighty truths, without everlastingly using repellantly learned words and phrases. This is what PROFESSOR ANSTED has undertaken to do by his admirable *Geological Gossip*, and we hope that in return for his very successful achievement, he will not be torn limb from limb by those devotees of science who consider an impracticable phraseology as an integral part of every orthodox creed.

To a vast number of persons, beyond the immediate interest taken in a flood or a drought, the doings of the great waters are of little moment. They know that without rain, corn and grass will turn to useless stubble; that the flower will no longer bloom, and the deep-rooted tree will wither in the ground; but they no more think of the mighty chemistry involved in the question, than the schoolboy who is told that “three-fourths of the globe are covered with water,” and that water “enters largely into the composition of plants and animals.”

Water is the blood and chyle of this crusted globe; without water there could be no life, as we understand the term—no stir and bustle. “Death would reign everywhere; silence and stillness would take the place of that universal movement which now characterises our earth. The face of nature would present a dreary blank, in which the intensest glare of sunshine would alternate with the intense blackness of perfect night.” Of all the agents concerned in the transformation continually going on in our earth, the first place must

be assigned to water. Magnetism, central heat—if there be such a power—the earthquake, and the volcano; play their parts; but one far inferior to that effected by this mighty fluid, without the aid of which the earth would be no better fitted for the home of animated beings than in the days when, a boundless waste of rocks glowing like a furnace, it swept through the cold and silent fields of ether.

For, after all, the six or seven thousand earthquakes catalogued by Mr. Mallett and Professor Perry, of Dijon, have not produced any particular effects except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Andes, the Mediterranean, and Iceland; their action all over Europe has been productive of less results than that of the sea on the coast of England alone. Like the volcano and the hurricane, they rivet the attention; but the first Napoleon caused more deaths than all the earthquakes since the days of Noah; the cupidity of ship-owners and the supineness of sailors have lost more ships and lives than all the storms that ever blew; the filthy state of our towns sends more souls to Hades than all put together. Plague, pestilence, war, and famine, yield to dirt.

For the information and comfort of those who feel interested in earthquakes, it may be useful to remark that they can have an earthquake at any speed they like, from six or seven miles per minute at California, to thirty-four miles at Lisbon; and as there is an earthquake every nine days on an average, with a preponderance in cold weather and at the new and full moon, they may, according to the new tables, almost rely upon having one sooner or later; indeed, by waiting long enough, they may enjoy the excitement of one at home, as there have been a hundred and eleven in the first half of this century in the British Isles. They are, however, very poor affairs, and ought not to be compared with the fearful shattering throes on the coasts of the Mediterranean and the shores of Iceland. Mr. David Milne, indeed, wants us to believe that there is a central point of disturbance, a sort of hotbed of mischief, just below our island, capable of breaking the backbone of the country; but it is difficult to believe in earthquakes here. They have gone out of date with the great wealden lizard and the mammoths.

The water-changes which take place in our globe, are not effected by the great rivers and lakes, though they do their part, but by the tiny stream and humble water-shed. Men are struck by the picture of the Ganges, rushing in the flood season at the rate of nine miles an hour, and bearing every year seven thousand million tons of mud to the Bay of Bengal; of the Mississippi, rending away whole islands; of the cataracts of Niagara, and the unparalleled majesty of the Amazons; of the tidal wave of the Atlantic, seven thousand miles long and two thousand wide; and the mighty Gulf stream, cleaving with its indigo-blue waves the green waters of the Atlantic; its vast current, twenty-five hundred feet deep, forcing its way through the ocean at

the rate of five knots an hour; but these mighty forces are feeble in comparison with those of the unseen waters. The principal rivers do not carry off more than one-sixth of the whole rainfall, even in tropical climates.

Water penetrates into everything save metals, and even into some of these, especially iron and lead. Nearly all the earths, flint, lime, and clay, are pervaded by its influence. All soils, even the hardest, contain water in abundance: few having less than one-eleventh, some being nearly half water. It penetrates every rock, till sandstone becomes so full of it that one or two millions of gallons of water can be pumped daily from a single well: while chalk is still fuller of water. The microscope has shown that water is even contained in some of the primary rocks, quartz often holding it in such quantities that the cavities are large enough to be seen by the naked eye; and it is probable that mica, felspar, and quartz, though first evolved by heat, have been dissolved by water and laid down in beds.

Of the human frame, water forms so large a component part, that the most thoroughly smoked old crone that ever ran the risk of being burned for a witch, would shrink very materially if the water were abstracted from her withered frame. A gentleman of comfortable dimensions, if subjected to dry distillation, would be transformed into a respectably-dressed mummy; the famous Daniel Lambert, under this process, would have dwindled to the weight of a small young gentleman in Knickerbockers. A ton of grass represents two hundred-weight of hay, and this, when deprived of the remaining radical moisture, sinks to a still smaller figure; while some plants and fruits, such as the water-melon, are almost entirely composed of water.

And whether it is launched in the soft mud of the volcano, spreading destruction over the labours of man, or is boiled in the geyser; whether it thunders down the cataract, or stag-nates in the torpid jungle; it is the same invaluable mysterious agent, wearing down the old world, and building up the new: refreshing the worn-out soil with vitalising matter, and changing the sandy waste or barren heath into a land smiling with plenty. The great mammoth cave of Kentucky, and the vast caverns of the Adelsberg; the labyrinth of Crete, and the wonders of the Peak, are alike due to the action of water upon limestone. The vast beds of egg-stones (oolite) were formed by some nameless shallow quiet sea, rolling a regular coating of lime round myriads of small nuclei, some tiny shell or skeleton; the beautiful deposits in the hot springs of Iceland are owing to the silica in the water. Nature has always plenty of the material on hand: the sea contains in solution—besides as much Epsom salts as would physic all the inhabitants of earth—five hundred millions of tons of flint.

So thoroughly does water enter into all the doings of this sublunary sphere, that we find it alike in the icy winds that sweep over the



Arctic regions, and in the hot simoon. The east wind, which proverbially dries up the skin, and makes a horse's coat stare, contains its due proportion of moisture, just as air does after rain; in fact, almost immediately after parting with its water, the temperature of the atmosphere rises, and a part of the water is re-absorbed. But the air is not merely modified by the water in it; it is greatly influenced by that beneath it. Thus, while the shores of Labrador lie buried in ice and fog, the coasts of England and Ireland, in the same latitude under the vitalising warmth of the Gulf stream, smile in perennial verdure.

Even congealed into ice, water is of such incalculable service, that without it the machinery of the globe must come to a stand-still. The mariner who beholds the huge icebergs bearing down the Atlantic and looming through the palpable darkness of midnight; or the traveller who surveys the savage and fantastic desolation of the Polar realms; may wonder what purpose they can serve. They are the checks Nature has placed upon the over-vibration of the pendulum; they are the flood-gates, the breaking of which would ensure the destruction of everything that now inhabits the earth.

If the movement of upheaval now going on at Cape North, should extend to Spitzbergen and the lands around the Pole—a trifling process compared with the great convulsions that must have repeatedly happened—the accumulation of ice in these regions would soon render the north of Europe uninhabitable. Where the engine-driver now guides with the steady smoothness of planetary motion the thundering flight of the locomotive, the icy stream and snow-swollen cataract would alone meet the eye; where the ring of the hammer and whirl of the spindle tell of man's daily toil, would be heard only the fall of the avalanche and the grinding of the icebergs. But a few short years, and the Polar bear and the walrus, the whale and the penguin, would again be seen in the German Ocean and St. George's Channel; and the fertile fields of England would again lie buried beneath the clay-flood and the glacial drift; and the lowest hills would be covered with eternal snows.

Or, were it to sink again by the process which has borne down tracts, equally large, to the bottom of the ocean, leaving a scarcely appreciable inequality on the surface of the globe, man, with all his traditions, arts, and sciences, would disappear from the scene, and his place would be filled by some of the huge forms which tell of a mighty past in language that cannot be disputed. For a time, indeed, fanned by the cool breezes from the Atlantic, the temperate regions might be endurable by those who can bear the fierceness of a tropical heat. But ere long, this possibility would cease; nay, if this not very improbable change happened, the giant iguanodon might reappear on the wold, and the fish-lizard again be the sanguinary tyrant of the ocean and the estuary; again the

pterodactyle might cleave with its dusky wings the dank and poisonous air of the tree-fern groves; and the turtle might once more spawn her eggs "where the walrus now sleeps and the seal has drifted on the ice-floe."

Had man been able to read and interpret Nature's signs aright, he might have learned from the denizens of the ice-fields how to get through the north-west passage by a very short cut. Whales, it appears, have got into Behring's Straits, after escaping harpooning in Baffin's Bay; in one or two instances a fish harpooned in the Atlantic has been captured soon afterwards in the Pacific: so there can be only a short distance between them, as the whale cannot remain long under water.

Not merely has water preserved the remains, and chronicled the era, of the stone lily and the lizard of the weald, of the cavern bear, and the old English tiger, but it has been lately made by man to reveal the doings of men who went down into the dark coasts of the past, ages ago. Memphis and Heliopolis, old in the times of Herodotus, Homer, and Joseph, were selected for an experiment, aided by the munificence and energy of the Pasha of Egypt. Ninety-five pits were sunk on those sites. As the Nile accumulates almost exactly the same quantity of mud every year, the explorers were able to determine that men had lived there, at least eleven thousand four hundred years ago. And long before this, there must have been rude tribes who knew nothing of the potter's art, by remains of which the diggers were guided.

The results are so interesting, that they deserve to be given in full. At six feet depth, they found part of a human figure; and at ten feet (representing a flight of at least three thousand years), a fragment of a small figure of a lion, both in baked clay. There, and two feet deeper, were found shells of the Nile and the sea. Pottery was discovered at various depths, from six to fifteen feet: that down to fourteen feet (four thousand two hundred years ago) being white: the rest consisting of coarse unglazed pots, jars, and saucers. At twelve feet, was found a small fragment of coloured mosaic; at thirteen feet, the blade of a knife made of copper, hardened with arsenic; statuettes were dug up at depths varying from eight to fifteen feet, and a tablet of inscriptions was found. As the excavations were made by intelligent persons, aware of the object of investigation, but in no way likely to misrepresent facts, the conclusions may be considered worthy of all reliance.

Geology has taught us that every rood of land by the fruits of which man could live, has been manured at the bottom of the waters; and geography has shown that continents consist of so many roods lifted en masse when the due time came. Thanks to the indomitable energy of man, we are now, by the aid of Brookes's apparatus, able to discover how land is fertilised, even in oceans as deep as the Himalaya mountains are high. There were no slight difficulties to over-



come before this discovery could be made: as any person will at once understand, who is told that to haul in only twenty-four hundred fathoms of line, without the sinker, it was necessary—not only to use a twelve-horse-power steam-engine, but to raise the steam until there was a pressure of twelve pounds on the square inch.

Soundings in the Atlantic have been particularly pushed forward, and have excited, on account of the telegraph cable, more general interest than any others yet taken. They have revealed the fact that at least two hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Ireland, the water is still shallow: or, in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised—thus reversing the famous panacea for keeping the country quiet. It is just beyond this, that the true Atlantic begins: the gulf suddenly sinking to nine thousand feet. Thus, Ireland may one day have a coast line as high as the Alps. The whole floor of the Atlantic is paved with a soft sticky substance, called ooze, nine-tenths consisting of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and thousands of which could float with ease in a drop of water; some, resembling toothed wheels; others, bundles of spines, or threads shooting from a little globule. Some, however, are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea water—which is more than every chemist could do; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skeletons of these little creatures. Part of this ooze is doubtless from the clouds of rain-dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter, and which, after sweeping like a simoom over the country, lose themselves in the “steep Atlantic.” No bones have been found of the larger animals, so that the kraken and sea-serpent might sleep their last sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to tell the tale. Not a mast or anchor, not a block or strand, not a coin or a keepsake, has been found, to testify of the countless gallant ships and more gallant men who have gone down amid the pitiless waves.

Only Mr. Ansted's book itself, can show how pleasantly and usefully its writer gossips about the newest discoveries in the fascinating branches of science.

#### A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

##### CHAPTER XXIV.

My reader is sufficiently acquainted with me by this time to know that there is one quality in me on which he can always count with safety—my candour! There may be braver men and more ingenious men, there may be, I will not dispute it, persons more gifted with oratorical powers, better linguists, better mathematicians, and with higher acquirements in art; but I take my stand upon candour, and say, there never lived the man, ancient or modern, who presented a more open and undisguised section of himself than I have done, am doing, and hope to do to the end. And what, I would ask you, is the

reason why we have hitherto made so little progress in that greatest of all sciences—the knowledge of human nature? Is it not because we are always engaged in speculating on what goes on in the hearts of others, guessing, as it were, what people are doing next door, instead of honestly recording what takes place in our own house?

You think this same candour is a small quality. Well, show me one thoroughly honest autobiography. Of all the men who have written their own memoirs, it is fair to presume that some may have lacked personal courage; some been deficient in truthfulness; some forgetful of early friendships, and so on. Yet where will you find me one, I only ask one, who declares, “I was a coward. I never could speak truth. I was by nature ungrateful?”

Now, it would be exactly through such confessions as these our knowledge of humanity would be advanced. The ship that makes her voyage without the loss of a spar or a rope, teaches little; but there is a whole world of information in the log of the vessel with a great hole in her, all her masts carried away, the captain invariably drunk, and the crew mutinous. Then, we hear of energy and daring and ready-wittedness, marvellous resource, and indomitable perseverance. Then, we come to estimate a variety of qualities that are only evoked by danger. Just as some gallant skipper might say, “I saw that we couldn't weather the point, and so I dropped anchor in thirty fathoms, and determined to trust all to my cables;” or, “I perceived that we were settling down, so I crowded all sail on, resolved to beach her.” In the same spirit, I would like to read in some personal memoir, “Knowing that I could not rely on my courage; feeling that if pressed hard, I should certainly have told a lie——” Oh, if we only could get honesty like this! If some great statesman, some grand foreground figure of his age would sit down to give his trials as they really occurred, we should learn more of life from one such volume than we glean from all the mock memoirs we have been reading for centuries!

It is the special pleading of these records that makes them so valueless; the writer always is bent on making out his case. It is the eternal representation of that spectacle said to be so pleasing to the gods—the good man struggling with adversity. But what we want to see is the weak man, the frail man, the man who has to fight adversity with an old rusty musket and a flint lock, instead of an Enfield rifle, loading at the breech!

I'd not give a rush to see Blondin cross the falls of Niagara on a tight-rope; but I'd cross the Atlantic to see, say the Lord Mayor, or the Master of the Rolls try it.

Now, much-respected reader, do not for a moment suppose that I have, even in my most vainglorious of raptures, ever imagined that I was here in these records supplying the void I have pointed out. Remember, that I have expressly told you, such confessions, to be valuable,

ought to come from a great man. Painful as the avowal is, I am not a great man! Elements of greatness I have in me, it is true; but there are wants, deficiencies, small little details many of them—rivets and bolts, as it were—without which the machinery can't work; and I know this, and I feel it.

This digression has all grown out of my unwillingness to mention what mention I must—that I passed my night at the little inn on the table where we supped. I had not courage to assert the right to my bed in the count's room, and so I wrapped myself in my cloak, and with my carpet-bag for a pillow, tried to sleep. It was no use—the most elastic spring-mattress and a down cushion would have failed: that night to lull me. I was outraged beyond endurance: *she* had slighted, *he* had insulted me! Such a provocation as he gave me could have but one expiation. He could not, by any pretext, refuse me satisfaction. But was I as ready to ask it? Was it so very certain that I would insist upon this reparation? He was certain to wound, he might kill me! I believe I cried over that thought. To be cut off in the bud of one's youth, in the very spring-time of one's enjoyment—I could not say of one's utility—to go down unnoticed to the grave, never appreciated, never understood, with vulgar and mistaken judgments upon one's character and motives! I thought my heart would burst with the affliction of such a picture, and I said, "No, Potts, live—live; and reply to such would-be slanderers by the exercise of the qualities of your great nature." Numberless beautiful little episodes came thronging to my memory, of good men, men whose personal gallantry had won them a world-wide renown, refusing to fight a duel. "We are to storm the citadel to-morrow, colonel," said one; "let us see which of us will be first up the breach." How I loved that fellow for his speech, and I tortured my mind how, as there was no citadel to be carried by assault, I could apply its wisdom to my own case. What if I were to say, "Count, the world is before us—a world full of trials and troubles. With the common fortune of humanity, we are certain each of us to have our share. What if we meet on this spot, say ten years hence, and see who has best acquitted himself in the conflict?" I wonder what he would say. The Germans are a strange, imaginative, dreamy sort of folk. Is it not likely that he would be struck by a notion so undeniably original? Is it not probable that he would seize my hand with rapture, and say, "Ja! I agree?" Still it is possible that he might not; he might be one of those vulgar matter-of-fact creatures who will regard nothing through the tinted glass of fancy; he might ridicule the project, and tell it at breakfast as a joke. I felt almost smothered as this notion crossed me.

I next bethought me of the privileges of my rank. Could I, as an R.H., accept the vulgar hazards of a personal encounter? Would not such conduct be derogatory in one to whom great destinies might one day be committed?

Not that I lent myself, be it remarked, to the delusion of being a prince; but that I felt, if the line of conduct would be objectionable to men in my rank and condition, it inevitably followed that it must be bad. What I could neither do as the descendant of St. Louis, or the son of Peter Potts, must needs be wrong. These were the grievous meditations of that long, long night; and, though I arose from the hard table, weary, and with aching bones, I blessed the pinkish-grey light that ushered in the day. I had scarcely completed a very rapid toilet, when François came with a message from Mrs. Keats, "hoping I had rested well, and begging to know at what hour it was my pleasure to continue the journey." There was an evident astonishment in the fellow's face at the embassy with which he was charged; and though he delivered the message with reasonable propriety, there was a certain something in his look that said, "What delusion is this you have thrown around the old lady?"

"Say that I am ready, François; that I am even impatient to be off, and the sooner we start the better."

This I uttered with all my heart; for I was eager to get away before the odious German should be stirring, and could not subdue my anxiety to avoid meeting him again. There was every reason to expect that we should get off unnoticed, and I hastened out myself to order the horses and stimulate the postilions to greater activity. This was no labour of love, I promise you! The sluggardly inertness of that people passes all belief; entreaties, oburgations, curses, even bribes could not move them. They never admitted such a possibility as haste, and stumped about in their wooden shoes or iron-bound boots, searching for articles of horse-gear under bundles of hay or stacks of firewood, as though it was the very first time in their lives that post-horses had ever been required in that locality. "Make a great people out of such materials as these!" muttered I; "what rubbish to imagine it! How, with such intolerable apathy, are they to be moved? Where everything proceeds at the same regulated slowness, how can justice ever overtake crime? When can truth come up with falsehood? Whichever starts first here, must inevitably win. To urge the creatures on by example, I assisted with my own hands to put on the harness; not, I will own, with much advantage to speed, for I put the collar on upside down, and, in revenge for the indignity, the beast planted one of his feet upon me, and almost drove the cock of his shoe through my instep. Almost mad with pain and passion, I limped away into the garden, and sat down in a damp summer-house. A sleepless night, a lazy ostler, and a bruised foot, are, after all, not stunning calamities; but there are moments, when our jarred nerves jangle at the slightest touch, and even the most trivial inconveniences grow to the size of afflictions.

"We began to fear you were lost, sir," said François, breaking in upon my gloomy reverie; I cannot say how long after. "The horses have

been at the door this half-hour, and all the house searching after you."

I did not deign a reply, but followed him, as he led me by a short path to the house. Mrs. Keats and Miss Herbert had taken their places inside the carriage, and, to my ineffable disgust, there was the German chatting with them at the door, and actually presenting a bouquet the landlord had just culled for her. Unable to confront the fellow with that contemptuous indifference which I knew with a little time and preparation I could summon to my aid, I scaled up to my leathern attic and let down the blinds.

"Do you mean," said I, through a small slit in my curtain—"do you mean to sit smoking there all day? Will you never drive on?" And now, with a crash of bolts and a jarring of cordage, like what announces the launch of a small ship, the heavy conveyance lurched, surged, and, after two or three convulsive bounds, lumbered along, and we started on our day's journey. As we bumped along, I remembered that I had never wished the ladies a "good morning," nor addressed them in any way; so completely had my selfish preoccupation immersed me in my own annoyances, that I actually forgot the commonest attentions of every-day life. I was pained by this rudeness on my part, and waited with impatience for our first change of horses to repair my omission. Before, however, we had gone a couple of miles, the little window at my back was opened, and I heard the old lady's voice, asking if I had ever chanced upon a more comfortable country inn, or with better beds?

"Not bad—not bad," said I, peevishly. "I had such a mass of letters to write that I got little sleep. In fact, I scarcely could say I took any rest."

While the old lady expressed her regretful condolences at this, I saw that Miss Herbert pinched her lips together as if to avoid a laugh, and the bitter thought crossed me, "She knows it all!"

"I am easily put out, besides," said I. "That is, at certain times I am easily irritated, and a vulgar German fellow who supped with us last night so ruffled my temper, that I assure you he continued to go through my head till morning."

"Oh, don't call him vulgar!" broke in Miss Herbert; "surely there could be nothing more quiet or unpretending than his manners."

"If I were to hunt for an epithet for a month," retorted I, "a more suitable one would never occur to me. The fellow was evidently an actor of some kind—perhaps a rope-dancer."

She burst in with an exclamation, but at the same time Mrs. Keats interposed; and though her words were perfectly inaudible to me, I had no difficulty in gathering their import, and saw that "the young person" was undergoing a pretty smart lecture for her presumption in daring to differ in opinion with my royal highness. I suppose it was very ignoble of me, but I was delighted at it. I was right glad that the old

woman administered that sharp castigation, and I burned even with impatience to throw in a shell myself and increase the discomfort. Mrs. Keats finished her gallop at last, and I took up the running.

"You were fortunate, madam," said I, "in the indisposition that confined you to your room, and which rescued you from the underbred presumption of this man's manners. I have travelled much, I have mixed largely, I may say with every rank and condition, and in every country of Europe, so that I am not pronouncing the opinion of one totally inadequate to form a judgment—"

"Certainly not, sir. Listen to that, young lady," muttered she, in a sort of under growl.

"In fact," resumed I, "it is one of my especial amusements to observe and note the forms of civilisation implied by mere conventional habits. If, from circumstances not necessary to particularise, certain advantages have favoured this pursuit—"

When I had reached thus far in my very pompous preface, the clatter of a horse coming up at full speed arrested my attention, and at the very moment the German himself, the identical subject of our talk, dashed up to the carriage window, and with a few polite words handed in a small volume to Miss Herbert, which it seems he had promised to give her, but could not accomplish before, in consequence of the abrupt haste of our departure. The explanation did not occupy an entire minute, and he was gone and out of sight at once. And now the little window was closed, and I could distinctly hear that Mrs. Keats was engaged in one of those salutary exercises by which age communicates its experiences to youth. I wished I could have opened a little chink to listen to it, but I could not do so undetected, so I had to console myself by imagining all the shrewd and disagreeable remarks she must have made. Morals has its rhubarb as well as medicine, wholesome, doubtless, when down, but marvellously nauseous and very hard to swallow, and I felt that the young person was getting a full dose; indeed, I could catch two very significant words, which came and came again in the allocation, and the very utterance of which added to their sharpness: "levity," "encouragement." There they were again!

"Lay it on, old lady," muttered I; "your precepts are sound; never was there a case more meet for their application. Never mind a little pain either—one must touch the quick to make the cautery effectual. She will be all the better for the lesson, and she has well earned it!"

Oh, Potts! Potts! was not this very hard-hearted and ungenerous? Why should the sorrow of that young creature have been a pleasure to you? Is it possible that the mean sentiment of revenge has had any share in this? Are you angry with her that she liked that man's conversation and turned to him in preference to you? You surely cannot be actuated by a motive so base as this? Is it for herself,



for her own advantage, her preservation, that you are thinking all this time? Of course it is. And there now, I think I hear her sob. Yes, she is crying; the old lady has really come to the quick, and I believe is not going to stop there.

"Well," thought I, "old ladies are an excellent invention; none of these cutting severities could be done but for them. And they have a patient persistence in this surgery quite wonderful, for when they have flayed the patient all over, they sprinkle on salt as carefully as a pastrycook frosting a plum-cake."

At last, I did begin to wish it was over. She surely must have addressed herself to every phase of the question in an hour and a half, and yet I could hear her still grinding, grinding on, as though the efficacy of her precepts, like a homœopathic remedy, were to be increased by trituration. Fortunately, we had to halt for fresh horses, and so I got down to chat with them at the carriage door, and interrupt the lecture. Little was I prepared for the reddened eyes and quivering lips of that poor girl, as she drank off the glass of water she begged me to fetch her, but still less for the few words she contrived to whisper in my ear, as I took the glass from her hands.

"I hope you have made me miserable enough now."

And with this the window was banged to, and away we went.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS so hurt by the last words of Miss Herbert to me, that I maintained throughout the entire day what I meant to be a "dignified reserve," but what I half suspect bore stronger resemblance to a deep sulk. My station had its privileges, and I resolved to take the benefit of them. I dined alone. Yes, on that day I did fall back upon the eminence of my condition, and proudly intimated that I desired solitude. I was delighted to see the dismay this declaration caused. Old Mrs. Keats was speechless with terror. I was looking at her through a chink in the door when Miss Herbert gave my message, and I thought she would have fainted.

"What were his precise words? Give them to me exactly as he uttered them," said she, tremulously, "for there are persons whose intimations are half commands."

"I can scarcely repeat them, madam," said the other, "but their purport was, that we were not to expect him at dinner, that he had ordered it to be served in his own room, and at his own hour."

"And this is very probably all your doing," said the old lady, with indignation. "Unaccustomed to any levity of behaviour, brought up in a rank where familiarities are never practised, he has been shocked by your conduct with that stranger. Yes, Miss Herbert, I say shocked, because, however harmless in intention, such freedoms are utterly unknown in—in certain circles."

"I am sure, madam," replied she, with a certain amount of spirit, "that you are labour-

ing under a very grave misapprehension. There was no familiarity, no freedom. We talked as I imagine people usually talk when they sit at the same table. Mr.—I scarcely know his name—"

"Nor is it necessary, Miss Herbert," said the old woman, tartly; "though, if you had, probably this unfortunate incident might not have occurred. Sit down there, however, and write a few lines in my name, hoping that his indisposition may be very slight, and begging to know if he desire to remain here to-morrow and take some repose."

I waited till I saw Miss Herbert open her writing-desk, and then I hastened off to my room to reflect over my answer to her note. Now that the suggestion was made to me, I was pleased with the notion of passing an entire day where we were. The place was Schaffhausen—the famous fall of the Rhine—not very much as a cataract, but picturesque withal; pleasant chesnut woods to ramble about, and a nice old inn in a wild old wilderness of a garden that sloped down to the very river.

Strange perversity is it not! but how naturally one likes everything to have some feature or other out of keeping with its intrinsic purport. An inn like an old château, a chief justice that could ride a steeple-chase, a bishop that sings Moore's melodies, have an immense attraction for me. They seem all, as it were, to say, "Don't fancy life is a mere four-roomed house with a door in the middle. Don't imagine that all is humdrum, and routine, and regular. Notwithstanding his wig and stern black eyebrows, there is a touch of romance in that old chancellor's heart that you couldn't beat out of it with his great mace; and his grace the primate there has not forgotten what made the poetry of his life in days before he ever dreamed of charges or triennial visitations."

By these reflections I mean to convey that I am very fond of an inn that does not look like an inn, but resembles a faded old country-house, or a deserted convent, or a disabled mill. This Schaffhausen Gasthaus looked like all three. It was the sort of place one might come to in a long vacation, to live simply and go early to bed, taking monotony as a tonic, and fancying unbroken quiet to be better than quinine.

"Ah!" thought I, "if it had not been for that confounded German, what a paradise might not this have been to me! Down there in that garden, with the din of the waterfall around us, walking under the old cherry-trees, brushing our way through tangled sweetbriars, and arbutus, and laburnum, what delicious nonsense might I not have poured into her ear. Ay! and not unwillingly had she heard it. That something within that never deceives, that little crimson heart within the rose of conscience tells me that she liked me, that she was attracted by what, if it were not for shame, I would call the irresistible attractions of my nature; and now this creature of braten and beetroot has spoiled all, jarred the instrument and unstrung the chords that might have yielded me such sweet music."



In thinking over the inadequacy of all human institutions, I have often been struck by the fact that while the law gives the weak man a certain measure of protection against the superior physical strength of the powerful ruffian in the street, it affords none against the assaults of the intellectual bully at a dinner party. *He* may maltreat you at his pleasure, batter you with his arguments, kick you with inferences, and knock you down with conclusions, and no help for it all!

"Ah, here comes François with the note." I wrote one line in pencil for answer: "I am sensibly touched by your consideration, and will pass to-morrow here." I signed this with a P., which might mean Prince, Potts, or Pottinger. My reply despatched, I began to think how I could improve the opportunity. "I will bring her to book," thought I; "I will have an explanation." I always loved that sort of thing—there is an almost certainty of emotion; now emotion begets tears; tears, tenderness; tenderness, consolation; and when you reach consolation, you are, so to say, a tenant in possession; your title may be disputable, your lease invalid, still you are there, on the property, and it will take time at least to turn you out. "After all," thought I, "that rude German has but troubled the water for a moment, the pure well of her affections will by this time have regained its calm still surface, and I shall see my image there as before."

My meditations were interrupted, perhaps not unpleasantly. It was the waiter with my dinner. I am not unsocial—I am eminently the reverse—I may say, like most men who feel themselves conversationally gifted, I like company, I see that my gifts have in such gatherings their natural ascendancy—and yet, with all this, I have always felt that to dine splendidly, all alone, was a very grand thing. Mind, I don't say it is pleasant, or jolly, or social; but simply that it is grand to see all that table equipage of crystal and silver spread out for *you* alone; to know that the business of that gorgeous candelabrum is to light *you*; that the two decorous men in black—archdeacons they might be, from the quiet dignity of their manners—are there to wait upon *you*; that the whole sacrifice, from the caviare to the cheese, was a hecatomb to *your* greatness. I repeat, these are all grand and imposing considerations, and there have been times when I have enjoyed these Lucullus cum Lucullo festivals more than convivial assemblages. This day was one of these: I lingered over my dinner in delightful dalliance. I partook of nearly every dish, but, with a supreme refinement, ate little of any, as though to imply, "I am accustomed to a very different cuisine from this; it is not thus that I fare habitually." And yet I was blandly forgiving, accepting even such humble efforts to please as if they had been successes. The Cluquot was good, and I drank no other wine, though various flasks with tempting titles stood around me.

Dinner over and coffee served, I asked the

waiter what resources the place possessed in the way of amusement. He looked blank and even distressed at my question: he had all his life imagined that the Falls sufficed for everything; he had seen the tide of travel halt there to view them for years. Since he was a boy, he had never ceased to witness the yearly recurring round of tourists who came to see, and sketch, and scribble about them, and so he faintly muttered out a remonstrance,

"Monsieur has not yet visited the Falls."

"The Falls! why I see them from this, and if I open the window I am stunned with their uproar."

I was really sorry at the pain my hasty speech gave him, for he looked suddenly faint and ill, and after a moment gasped out,

"But monsieur is surely not going away without a visit to the cataract? the guide-books give two hours as the very shortest time to see it effectually."

"I only gave ten minutes to Niagara, my good friend," said I, "and would not have spared even that, but that I wanted to hold a sprained ankle under the fall."

He staggered, and had to hold a chair to support himself:

"There is, besides, the Laufen Schloss——"

"As to castles," broke I in, "I have no need to leave my own to see all that mediæval architecture can boast. No, no," sighed I out, "if I am to have new sensations, they must come through some other channel than sight. Have you no theatre?"

"No, sir. None."

"No concert-rooms, no music garden?"

"None, sir."

"Not even a circus?" said I, peevishly.

"There was, sir, but it was not attended. The strangers all come to see the Falls."

"Confound the Falls! And what became of the circus?"

"Well, they made a bad business of it; got into debt on all sides, for oil, and forage, and printing placards, and so on, and then they beat a sudden retreat one night, and slipped off, all but two, and indeed they were about the best of the company; but somehow they lost their way in the forest, and instead of coming up with their companions, found themselves at daybreak at the outside of the town."

"And these two unlucky ones, what were they?"

"One was the chief clown, sir, a German, and the other was a little girl, a Moor they called her; but the cleverest creature to ride or throw somersaults through hoops of the whole of them."

"And how do they live now?"

"Very hardly, I believe, sir; and but for Tinfleck—that's what they call her—they might starve; but she goes about with her guitar through the cafés of an evening, and as she has a sweet voice, she picks up a few batzen. But the maire, I hear, won't permit this any longer, and says that as they have no passport or papers of any kind, they must be sent over the frontier as vagabonds."

"Let that maire be brought before me," said I, with a haughty indignation. "Let me tell him in a few brief words what I think of his heartless cruelty—But no, I was forgetting—I am here incog. Be careful, my good man, that you do not mention what I have so inadvertently dropped; remember that I am nobody here; I am Number Five and nothing more. Send the unfortunate creatures, however, here, and let me interrogate them. They can be easily found, I suppose?"

"In a moment, sir. They were in the Platz just when I served the pheasant."

"What name does the man bear?"

"I never heard a name for him. Amongst the company he was called Vaterchen, as he was the oldest of them all; and indeed they seemed all very fond of him."

"Let Vaterchen and Tintefleck, then, come hither. And bring fresh glasses, waiter."

And I spoke as might an Eastern despot giving his orders for a "nautch;" and then, waving my hand, motioned the messenger away.

#### POOR LAW DOCTORS.

A PARAGRAPH, interesting to medical men, has been recently going the round of the papers. It relates to fees. Dr. Radcliffe got, it is said, five hundred guineas for curing a noble earl of what is commonly called stomach-ache; also, one thousand guineas for attending the infant Duke of Gloucester when in fits from teething. A Dr. Dimsdale netted twelve thousand pounds sterling; besides five hundred a year for life for going to Russia to inoculate the Empress Catherine. Nor must Sir Astley Cooper's twenty thousand a year be forgotten, nor the thousand-pound note which a grateful patient rolled up in his nightcap and threw at the bluff surgeon as a graceful way of paying a fee.

These stories represent the medical art as a wonderfully money-making calling. But there is a reverse to the picture. There are a thousand poor doctors to every rich one. A man has spent a small fortune—perhaps his all—in qualifying himself, and then takes a small country practice, with the bait of poor-law doctor attached. His first step is to ascertain what the duties of this office entail, and he finds them to consist of attendance upon all people within the district who require medical relief and cannot afford to pay for it; of provision of all such medicines as may be needed; of informing the relieving officer of any poor whom he may attend, with, or without an order; of personal attendance at all the meetings of the "Board," to whom also he must make returns of all his proceedings. To these slight duties, may be added, the necessity of keeping on general good terms with the members of the Board and the relieving officer—which he will find to be very essential. Say, that a parish patient is considered by the doctor to require meat and wine, and that he appends such recommendation to the note for relief; the relieving officer is not

bound to obey the recommendation, and a fruitful source of bickering is opened: especially as the latter personage generally has the ear of the guardians, and takes care, in such cases, to represent the transaction as a piece of parochial extravagance, upon which his parochial vigilance has acted as a salutary check.

In England and Wales there are three thousand three hundred and ninety-nine medical men holding appointments under six hundred and sixty-three unions: who, according to returns made in 1857, attended every pauper in the country afflicted with all the ills that flesh is heir to, at the rate of fivepence-halfpenny per case!

In a pamphlet published by Mr. Griffin, of Weymouth: a medical man, who has been long and zealously struggling to obtain for poor-law doctors a more generous recognition of their services by the government: there are the following cases, quoted here at random. The union of Epsom contains one thousand patients, and involves journeys of five miles on the part of the medical officer to visit many of them; he is remunerated with the magnificent salary of twenty-six pounds, being at the rate of sixpence a case. Fortunate Galen! Perhaps the guardians of the Epsom union imagine that he is sufficiently paid by living near Epsom Downs; it is to be hoped that the doctor is also a bit of a racing character, and manages to make out his income by a neat book on the Derby. Cheltenham cannot afford to give more than sixpence a case, while merry Islington pays a doctor for looking after four thousand patients, at the munificent rate of threepence a case! Halstead offers fivepence, and the medical officer of that union has to travel six and a half miles to gain his salary of ten pounds for attending four hundred and fourteen patients.

On the other hand, it is fair to state that some unions pay much better; for instance, Elham offers twenty-eight pounds for eleven patients—a perfect Dorado for the doctor.

Vaccination forms an important part of the Union medical officer's duties, for which he is paid extra. There has been a great outcry lately at the apparent inability of vaccination to prevent small-pox; and government occasionally reminds the vaccinators of the extreme care and caution which they should exercise in the superintendence of it. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that small-pox gains ground when we consider how much the doctor is paid for vaccination. The fees are one shilling and sixpence a head for every case under two miles' distance, and two shillings and sixpence a head for every case above two miles' distance. What has the medical man to do for this majestic sum? He has to vaccinate a child: an operation which in itself is simple, but which, nevertheless, demands a certain amount of care and attention; he has to keep a watch over his little patient, and, on the eighth day, to visit it again and see that the pustules have duly appeared; finally, if the case is successful, he has to give a certificate of the due perform-

ance of the operation. If, on the contrary, it has not perfectly succeeded, he gets nothing. Can any reasonable person wonder at the neglect or careless performance of vaccination when such an amount of trouble is required to be taken, perhaps for nothing, or, at the best, for eightpence or half-a-crown?

Another point: every parent or guardian is made aware that unless a child is vaccinated within a certain time after birth, he or she is liable to a fine of twenty shillings. But how many medical men could afford to press the charge? The practitioner knows perfectly well that it would be as much as a great portion of his practice was worth, if he informed against a refractory parent. It ought to be made the duty of a special officer who should have returns of all the vaccinating lists, to prosecute without fear or favour all those (and they are legion) who evade the law.

One thing of great importance, not only to the medical profession and the parishes, but to society at large, is the compulsory appointment of a medical officer of health to every union, or every district of a union, who should be paid independently of other duties, and whose special provision it should be to inquire into and bring to light all defects and impurities prejudicial to the health of the community. Many a fair smiling village, which seems as though made to be the abode of rustic happiness and content, is rotten with fever and malaria, simply because there is no officer of health, and it is, consequently, nobody's business to look to the foul drains, the reeking dunghills, and the overcrowded cottages. It is no business of the squire's, because he can't be expected to be bothered about bad drains which he doesn't smell; the parson visits his sick like a good man, but does not always understand that prevention is better than cure; the doctor is overworked with hard riding about his district, and sick of dinning into the heads of the Board that it would save their rates if common sanitary precautions were taken in time. The relieving officer grumbles at the number of sick paupers in the village, and takes exception to the meat and wine that the medical man orders. Consequently, he takes upon himself not to give it; the doctor complains to the Board; the guardians back up the relieving officer; the doctor appeals to the commissioners; and finally, having quarrelled all round in his efforts to do well by his patients, resigns his appointment.

#### A LEGEND OF THE ARYAN RACE.

LONG, long ago, when the world was young, and every man tended his own flock and tilled his own field, there lived two brothers. The eldest was much thought of: he was a grave, silent boy, who liked to be alone, to wander about at night, and stay in caves and desert places. No one ever expected him to work; he would see his little sister stooping under the weight of the great milk-pails, and never think of

helping her; he lived with his head in the clouds, but his father said, "Let him alone, he'll be a great man some day."

Now, the Younger Brother was a merry, active boy, ever ready to help, here and there and everywhere, at the same time; if a plough wanted mending, he was ready to do it; when his mother baked the cakes for supper, they never got burnt if he were by; and as for the little dairymaid, his sister, he took such care of her that she never found her work too much. But nobody thought anything of him; he didn't go about with his head in the clouds, and his mother said he was a regular good-for-nothing.

One night, the Elder Brother had been talking strangely over the dying embers about Light and Thought, and how good and grand it was to sit quite still and think one's life away. He was always saying this, and his brother always shook his head, for he felt so strong and active, he was sure that he, at least, must be doing and not thinking. But, somehow, that night he did think; he must think, and could not sleep. His Elder Brother had fallen asleep in the midst of his talk, and lay with folded hands and closed eyelids, at his side. But there had been words of his which set the boy's heart beating high. Where did the sun come from? Did he not make the corn to grow, and bring light and joy to all? Did he not send men happily to their work, and call them home, weary and contented, to their rest? Night, with her quivering stars and pale unhappy moon, was no friend to the Younger Brother. It was the glorious sun that roused him to happy toil, and sent him, with light-springing step, to lead the flocks across the plain. But this friend of his, why did he never rest? Where had he gone? and would he come again?

Just then he raised his eyes and saw the sky before him flushed with a glad red light. The birds around whispered, "He is coming!" The leaves fluttered for joy, as the morning breezes swept by, and told them that the sun was awake once more. The clouds gathered up their robes and bent their heads, as the glory came travelling onward. Higher shot the beams of light, throbbing upward like a pulse of gladness; splendour flooded the sky, and soon the hero himself leaped upon the earth. The distant fields awoke to life, the birds burst forth into full chorus, the great forest-trees thrilled in all their branches, and the cattle upon a thousand hills began to low. Men rose up, shook off the chains of sleep, and went forth to their work. Living, acting, working, the sun never stood still. Living, acting, working! The words rang in the boy's ears all day long, and when in the evening the hero-sun, still travelling onward, left the plains in darkness, the Younger Brother took up his staff, and, not once looking back, set off to see what the sun would do behind the purple hills.

It was a long journey that he had set out upon. Beyond the hills lived a race of giants, who tilled no land, but lived like the wild



beasts, preying on them, and being preyed on. But the Younger Brother shook his golden locks, and rushed upon them; and the giants were no match for the active boy. He was to win his way on, to follow the hero-sun, and no hills could bar his path, no foes could stop him.

The waters of the Hellespont were cleft, and he came to a glorious land, where forms of beauty and thoughts of godlike greatness rose upon him; and there he left traces of his work which will teach the world throughout all time.

By the shores of the Adriatic, he travelled on and came to Rome, whence, for a while, he ruled the world, and gave forth laws of justice such as have never been surpassed.

Onward he urged his way until all Europe lay at his feet, and only here and there a few wild men remained: who were not worth driving from the rocky north, or from the little nooks to which they had fled in the south.

Here, then, for a while, he found the limit to his wanderings; hemmed in by the great Atlantic, his steps could go no farther. Still, the sun rose and set; but now he knew that the hero never rested; that when he left him in darkness it was to bring life and joy to other lands, and to teach all who would listen, even as he had taught the Younger Brother, that there is no room for idleness in this world. Now, too, the Younger Brother knew that there is One mightier than the sun, whose bidding he and all must do. At Athens and at Rome he had met the children of an ancient race, and from them he had learnt to know Him whose will it is that men should work on earth: who Himself had come to earth to set an example of such high self-forgetting work for man, that men at an humble distance might follow after, and strive to do like Him.

So the Younger Brother never rested. For a long time he knew of no lands beyond the sea; but, though his journeyings had ceased for a while, he had hard work at home—to train himself to seek out all knowledge, to frame new laws, to think great and vigorous thoughts—to carry out, though seldom consciously, the will of Him who is Ruler of all.

But a time came when voices were sent up to Heaven from the Far West, from the company of fair islands south and east, from all the lands where men can live and breathe, whence rose the common cry of help, "Save us from ourselves!"

Among them was a voice he had heard long ago, before he had left his father's hearth; he answered it as he answered all other cries for help, but he knew not the voice. Whose was it?

Come back to the land of the tillers and rearers of the earth. Come back to that fair morning of promise which brought those great glad thoughts to the Younger Brother. Another looks on at that gorgeous sight, and he also is moved by it to the one only action of his life. Rest, ease, a life of thought—these were what he sought as his highest good; and when he saw the sun shake off his slumber, he read no

lesson there of struggle and of toil; he only thought of the couch of ease whence the sun had arisen. He coveted that splendid ease; he thought that by going back but a little way, he would reach that gorgeous repose; and there dream away his life. So he set out some time after his brother had gone; for, sloth clogged his steps, and he had no need to hurry, since it was but a little way he meant to go.

But woe to him who would go back in this world; woe to him whose eyes are blinded that he cannot see the onward upward path which all should follow! Turning his back upon the sun, he went forth.

For a little while he showed the true spirit of his race, fought bravely with the giant hunters on their wild steeds, and strode sturdily across the mountains; but on the other side, finding few difficulties, he sank back into his natural sloth, and, folding his hands, slept the sleep of idleness, while his mind was busied with splendid and useless dreams. He had crept into a narrow corner, hemmed in on one side by the heaven-reaching hills, which he had crossed with so much trouble, while all around reared the cruel sea. He could not choose but sleep. The land he had come to, was brilliant as the dawn, favoured beyond all others by the sun's strong beams; food, far more than he could need, grew within his reach. Surely after so much toil he could afford to rest; surely, this was the promised land of which he had dreamed so long.

There is no room for idleness in this world of ours, Elder Brother! Those magnificent imaginings of yours, those deep thoughts grasping sometimes at truth, but oftener bright and flimsy as a foam-bubble—could you not read in them the great lesson of unceasing toil which you have striven against in vain?

Pure and beautiful were his thoughts at first, but the moss grew round his heart, the fetters of foolish custom tied down his hands, and his limbs grew stiff for want of use. His soul died within him, and the unconscious cry arose to his lips, "Brother, save me from myself!"

This was the voice the Younger Brother heard, but he knew not whose need it was that called him to that land of luxury. He has found that brother, and is trying now to help him: though so enfeebled, so degraded is he, so unlike all others whom the Younger Brother has helped, that it will be a long and weary task.

I dare not say that the Younger Brother has acted throughout as became one who had received such high teaching; I dare not say that when the Elder Brother, once roused beyond all endurance, turned like a wild beast to rend his helper, it was altogether without cause. But I hope that the Younger Brother will remember the good things which fell to his share in the grey old times when the choice of life or death lay before them both; when, but, for the energy which was given him, and the wide field of work which was opened to him, he might have been like this poor degraded brother, in all, perhaps, but the noble thoughts which for a while staved off that brother's decay. I hope



that he will use the wisdom which his happier life has taught him, for the truest and highest good of him whose early words first stirred him to activity.

He knows now, that this is his brother. Infirm and crippled as he found him, changed in all outward seeming, he never could have known him, but that in his dim mutterings he spoke of the little milkmaid sister, of the simple active life of the plains, of the love of brethren, and the tender care of fathers. And lo! in these mutterings the Younger Brother heard a language he once knew, but had long forgotten; a music from the twilight time of childhood.

#### HUNTING THE STAG IN GERMANY.

"SIR," said the old forester, "times have sadly changed. I remember when these hills and valleys were left to the enjoyment of our humble selves, when there was abundance of everything at very cheap prices, when game was so plentiful that royal stags ate the roses on the walls of the duke's palace. Strangers came at rare intervals, and were welcome guests at our simple boards; but now there are railways and steam-engines in all the land, people to whom the commonest things in nature seem strange have turned our houses into lodgings for the season, the highest and most solitary of our crags into retreats for discussing butter, bread, and beer; and they have so pried into our little secret places, and they eat so voraciously, that we can't live in quiet or exist on our salaries. They create new tastes and desires in the people of these mountains, and we hear of offences which were pretty well unheard of in our calendar."

"You remind me," I said, "of the American borderer, who can't bear the sight of a human being in his vicinity, and who tells you that his reason for continually moving on into the wilderness, is, that he won't hear the bark of his neighbour's dog. Civilisation overtakes everything. Your regrets are respectable, as the French would say, but unavailing. What is a curse to you, is a blessing to the world."

"No," broke out my friend, with that emphasis which peculiarly characterises a German when he says *No* to a thought unexpressed, because it has only passed through the mental phase: "no, it *is* too bad. Only think, sir; his highness, my most gracious master, came here one summer, about ten years ago, to shoot the stag—a sly animal, which runs to cover at the earliest streak of dawn. He rose at two, and at three was standing in wait for his game, when the stillness of the hour was broken by the hollow tramp of some animal. The duke cocked his gun as the tramping sounded on his ear, and the branches of not very distant trees crackled in the underwood: though, as a good woodsman, he thought the sound unlike that which a quadruped ought to make. The noise ceased; the duke stood with his gun ready, his left foot forward, when Doodle, doodle, dun! a flute was heard; a flute, sir, played by some

infernal (excuse the word) love-sick Berliner. It was not to be borne, sir. You go out into distant and solitary places, you walk miles in search of game, and you find a mad traveller instead of an antlered stag. His highness was in such a rage, that he rushed home and went to bed. I am not sure that his digestion was not troubled—mine would have been; nor would my humour have been improved by what followed a few days after. The duke again, standing in a close cover, was suddenly caught by the arm at dawn, by a gentleman in white kid gloves and a sky-blue stock, who, breaking the stillness of the morning in tones loud enough to frighten every buck within a mile, said, pointing to his highness's gun:

"What is that, sir?"

"I believe," said the duke, repressing his rising anger, 'it is a rifle.'

"A rifle!" said the other; 'how strange! It has two barrels. I have often seen double-barrelled rifles, but none like this. I had always believed that the barrels were placed horizontally, side by side, and those which I now see are placed vertically, below each other. The ramrod, too, is on one side, and not beneath the gun.'

"The ox! the rindvich! what the deuce was he doing at such an hour in the morning, in white gloves and a blue stock, on the top of a mountain? Could he not stay at home and make his inquiries at an armourer's? No wonder the duke was in a rage and vowed he would never go stalking again."

"My good friend," I said, "I have heard of similar complaints being made in my country, where enthusiastic hunters also stalk the deer. There, a remedy has been found, which has notable disadvantages. The owners of the hills have bought up the rights of way. Lapsed leases have not been renewed, and, where houses have stood, the ground has been cleared to its original waste. The stag roams over the cold hearths of expelled peasants; land which, if cultivated, would produce hundreds of thalers, is thrown into underwood; and the lords of the place have no less an ambition than that the hills and valleys in their possession should be restored to the primitive solitude in which they were during the wars of the early races. But do you think *that*, a state of things that can last? Hunting is no longer the occupation of a people; it is the pastime of a gentleman; and we who like sport, wish all the world were a hunting-field, until the thought suddenly obtrudes itself that it is not our wastes that give us the wealth which helps us to the pastime. That wealth comes from the labour of millions who must congregate and work and communicate with each other; and, therefore, the man in white gloves and a blue stock is only one of a class which must and will extend. So we must make the best of things as they are, in this confined world of ours, and, if we will insist on being hunters, we must go to the Cape or the Indies to shoot lions and bisons, or to the Americas to drive the elk and prairie buffalo. Why, sir,

the duke, whom I greatly honour"—the forester bowed as if the flattering words were addressed to him, and for this I liked him—"the duke was no doubt disappointed by the flute, and vexed by the gentleman in the blue stock, but I don't find that his vexation carries any consequences. These very people who visit your crags and strew the ground with sandwich papers, find their way into his private gardens, stare at him as he gets into his carriage, make profound bows to him when he passes and they know his person; he has no privacy because he likes to see humankind contented and happy around him. So you see he has made up his mind to let them have their way, and he is right, for though you won't find many people in the grounds of a Scotch duke, you will also not find the said Scotch duke's name generally mentioned with any great degree of reverence. So if there is a little worse sport, there is more of the milk of human kindness, and that is a thing not to be despised."

"Sir," quoth the forester, "I admit that what you say is not devoid of truth, but you would sigh with me if you recollected the good old times, when paternal ideas of government had the assent and reverence of the peasants; when game was numerous, and nothing was heard of the new-fangled ideas now common. The farmers, some centuries ago, had been confirmed in the possession of their holdings, on the express condition that game should be respected everywhere. They gained perpetual possessions for a consideration which they now repudiate. That detestable period of '48 has put such notions into their heads, that even now they pretend to the right of killing the game which comes on their land, because they say the deer eat their corn and potatoes; they knowing all the time that if they come to the duke and say, 'My potatoes are disappearing,' he comes out and shoots the offensive animal, and there is an end of the matter. Ah, you should see the funny old pictures which hung in the passages of the schloss close by; the quaint way in which scenes familiar to me since my childhood are depicted, and the old inscriptions which explain the painter's subject: saying that on such a day, in the sixteenth century, his serene highness went out with the dukes and duchesses, his high-born guests, and shot seventeen stags, fifteen dams, twenty-five calves, thirty roebucks and twenty roes, and how many more wild animals it is impossible to say. Those were, indeed, days when game was abundant, and shooting was a pleasure! There were severe laws against killing deer, just as there now are in Courland against killing elk, and in Poland against taking the life of the gigantic bison. It was part of the condition on which the peasants held their land, that they should keep the forest stalls filled with hay in winter, that the game might have wherewithal to live in the hard frosty months. There, at daybreak in the cold mornings, might be seen numbers of stags and deer of every kind, clustered at the feeding places, enjoying the bountiful supply

so carefully placed at their disposal; then, when they had had their fill, dashing out into the snow-clad woods again, and clattering through the silvery glades. You can see the sight now, it is true, but how much less numerous are the deer; how much less noble! Cultivation has extended and forests have receded, and as the woods grow smaller, so seem to grow the antlers of the royal stag. It is, indeed, a regal pastime now, for the duke is obliged to feed the deer himself, and that's no light burden on his purse. Then again, when the fine summer days came, and the west wind sighed through the noble silver pines, the guests congregated in the pleasant summer schloss, and the hunting arsenal was opened out. At night the peasants, led by the experienced foresters, drove the woods in circles, so that the deer were brought in troops within a given space. A wall of liners, stretched between poles, was struck round a circumference of about two miles. A large tent was erected in the centre glade, where seats and standing room were provided for the duke and his guests to shoot from. A second tent was arranged for the ladies who came as spectators; a third for the cooks. Tables were set in the open air for a noon dinner. Casks of beer were brought in numbers to the ground. Such shooting, eating, and drinking, was never seen elsewhere. For, at nine o'clock the duke and his guests would arrive, drawn in large carriages, the like of which you don't see now-a-days—carriages shaped as the round-sterned boats I have seen on some canals, painted of bright blue and red colour, with awnings stretched over them. The ladies rode to the meet, in palanquins, harnessed to poles in front and rear: each horse ridden by a postilion, whose heavy knotted whip cracked gaily in the morning air. Then, the ladies took their seats, the gentlemen their stations. At a given signal, the drivers, distributed around the outer circumference of the space, set up wild shouts as they drew in towards the centre, the fuses and arquebuses of the guests cracked quickly, as the noble stags, with antlers thrown back and necks extended, careered away across the glade. Then came the liveried retainers, with daggers at their sides, whose duty it was to despatch the wounded, and direct their assistants where to lay the game in rows. These carried the deer in stretchers of net, brought them to the scales, and weighed them; and great was the honour for him who had shot a stag of twenty-four, or a stag whose weight exceeded four hundred pounds. Then, sometimes, a wild boar or two would be found in the enclosure, and it was a strange and exciting scene to witness the dire fights which took place between the stags and them; the former would attack with his antlers; the latter with his tusks; they fell and bled in turns, till one of the high-born gentlemen came out with a spear, and put an end to the life of both—not without personal danger. But, sir," continued the forester, with a sigh, "these days are long gone by; the hunting arsenal is still there—you may see its roof amongst the pines—but it is never

opened now. The peasants must be paid for driving, the expense of enclosing is too great, and the game is not so plentiful as of old. The only reminiscence left of that time is in the quaint perspectiveless pictures which you can see yonder in the schloss, and the gallery of noble antlers laid out in the passages."

My old forester was a good illustration of that class of people who believe, and therefore affirm, that the new generation is not equal to the old; that the world degenerates every day; and that it would be much better for it if it could possibly retrograde instead of progressing. I ventured to say to my old friend, "I won't trouble you with some of the remarks which are made frequently in these days as to the character of *treib-jagd*, or battues according to the old system. It is sufficient to say, that many people think it well that the old system should have necessarily fallen into disuse. They consider it somewhat cruel, and the present system more sportsmanlike. I, for my part," I went on, "was yesterday so lucky as to be one of the dual party, and we had some very good sport. It is true we did not kill seventeen stags, or fifteen dams, or twenty-five calves, or thirty roebucks, but we inhaled the mountain air; we killed two splendid stags, and roamed freely over the hill-sides. We started at nine in the morning down the beautiful vale, which on the west is overlooked by the lofty summits of the Gipselberg. The peasants on the road greeted us as we passed, with a cheerful 'good day.' The rye-fields waved in the breeze, and the bright green flax-fields gave a rich colour to the landscape, strongly contrasting with the dark rocks and stern pines of the hills. We clattered through the pebble-paved streets of a little village, in the gardens of which were strewn the linen clothes set out to bleach, whilst in the brawling brook industrious women washed the yarn destined for the winter loom. We turned in towards the hills, got under the pines, and found ourselves, in a short time, amongst a motley group of drivers in various quaint costumes: each carrying a hunch of black bread, a porcelain pipe, and a stick; coarse clad and sometimes tattered they were, whilst conversing with them were sundry foresters in green, with peaked hats adorned with the feathers of the hawk, carrying rifles and smoking cigars. (Cigars are cheap here, you know; you get four for a groschen, and, though I can't smoke them, those who do, say they are good.) Some of the keepers held bloodhounds and quaint-looking turnspits in leashes, and the brutes smelt the powder, and whined and fretted for action, apparently as anxious about the sport as we were. A signal was given and we moved. Silently we entered; the high pines towering seventy or eighty feet above us; silently we trod the thick green moss, and crushed the yellow mushrooms. We crossed a clearing, another high plantation, and came to a wide patch of six year old wood. Along the high pines which surrounded it, a rope was run, on which were hung yellow and blue cloths, and between it

hung another rope, forming *chevaux-de-frise* of goose quills; you know what that is for. It does not prevent the stags from passing, but makes them halt and hesitate before they pass. At one corner of the plantation, looking down a cleared path, about twelve feet wide, I was posted, and left in solitary stillness.

"The wind sighed through the pines, and seemed to dull my sense of hearing, as after many minutes I heard no sound. Presently, in the extreme distance, I heard a faint *hoi! hoi!* from many voices, and I knew the drive had commenced. Another minute, and a rifle shot was heard; then the barking of a cur in the underwood in my direction, and a great trampling. I cocked my gun and waited breathlessly; there was a great crackling of branches, the hollow tramp sounded nearer, and out with a spring comes the royal stag across the little cleared space! Off goes my rifle; it's like firing at a shadow, no time given for deliberation; but is he hit? Surely the ball has struck him, for here is blood on a sprig of pine. The drive is over; the men again congregate, a stag has been wounded by the duke. I show my sprig of pine and point to the blood. The head forester takes it, rubs the blood on his hand, looks at it for an instant, throws down the sprig, and quietly proceeds to organise a search for the stag wounded by the duke.

"I felt rather humiliated; I didn't know why. Surely, I thought, the animal is wounded, else whence the blood.

"Said the duke, smiling, 'It is certain that you hit the animal, you cannot, however, tell where you struck it. The forester knows that, as if he had seen it. We will ask him. Where,' said the duke, 'was that blood from?'

"'About the heel,' said the forester.

"'Then we shall never catch him?'

"'Never,' was the reply.

"I thought he was pretending to a knowledge he did not possess, but the duke said:

"'By long practice, these men know accurately, from the colour of the blood, where an animal is wounded. The lighter the colour, the lighter the wound. But in order that you may be entirely satisfied, now that some time has elapsed since your shot, we will send a bloodhound on the track—that liver-coloured dog, for instance, who never failed us yet. It is his peculiarity that he never gives up a scent after he has taken it, and has gained the conviction that the animal is likely to die. So, if after a hundred yards the dog halts, you may take it that the stag is so slightly touched that he is as strong as ever.' The dog took up the scent, followed it fifty yards, and then lay down quietly, lolling out his tongue. 'Now,' said the duke, 'you might thrash that dog for ten minutes, and he would not resume the scent.' I pocketed my disappointment, and I joined the party, which now proceeded to follow the wounded stag, whose blood lay plentifully sprinkled upon the moss and pines along the course he had taken. The spot where he had been first struck was easily found again, for, in obedience to the true rules



of woodcraft, a branch of pine had been cut and placed on it with the under side of the spicula uppermost. Half an hour had elapsed and I wondered why the track had not been followed sooner, until I was informed that there was a reason for the delay.

"Dogs will eagerly follow the hot blood track of a deer; but if a dog gets accustomed to the hot track, he is unwilling ever afterwards to follow a cold scent, and, as it frequently happens that a wounded deer cannot be followed on the very day he is hit, expediency dictates the necessity of helping the dogs to cold scents alone. So half an hour having been allowed to elapse, and the forester having declared that the deer was hit on the hind quarter and that he could not have gone far, the fir-branch, originally placed to mark the stag's starting-point, was turned over to show that it had been used, and two keepers, with a bloodhound and a turnspit fast to their waists by a leathern thong, took to the track. The brutes pulled with violent tugs at the thongs, dragging the men so fast on the windings of the track that we could hardly follow them. They began after a short time to whine and bark, which showed that the stag was at no great distance. The shooting party then gave up the track, descended the brow of the wooded hill into a broad meadow, and waited. The dogs were now let loose, and half a dozen of them followed the scent and announced the finding of the stag, with loud and hoarse bayings, which resounded through the woods. The stag, as was expected, came down to the meadow, and he emerged from the trees, limping forward very fast, with one dog hanging on to his nose and the rest to his heels and sides. Down he came to a little brook into which he threw himself, and, at last, turned at bay. The hound hanging to his nose kept a firm grip of him, even when the stag, holding his head down, tried to drown him in the stream; at the same time the stag butted violently with his horns in every direction, making the dogs cautious. Then, tired out, he fairly lay down in the stream, and at this moment a shot from the duke's rifle struck him, and a huntsman running up plunged his dagger into the expiring animal's heart.

"Don't you think," I continued, looking at the forester, "it was more interesting than firing at stags from a tent?"

"Well," he replied, "every man has his notions of sport. Yours are evidently not mine."

And so we parted.

The truth is, that even if the expenses of the old battue shooting at stags had not been so great as almost to forbid their frequent recurrence in our day, they would fall into disuse because of the destruction they entailed. Not only were old antlered stags killed on these occasions, but almost all the animals driven into the enclosure perished. It became evident of late years, that

the indiscriminate slaughter of the dams and calves would soon make the stags as rare as the elk, or any other animal who has been hunted off the face of the earth; the rather as the conditions under which large deer were enabled to live in more distant times, are greatly changed. In proportion as land has been redeemed from forest or waste, wild animals have become scarce in Germany. The stag, for instance, does not grow to tall proportions, and does not rear antlers of many points, unless he has liberty to roam over wide expanses. The stag is the daintiest of feeders. He will wander for miles over a cultivated vale, before he finds a patch of verdure that suits his fastidious palate. His patch of verdure may be five, ten, fifteen miles from his wooded haunts. He will not be deterred by distance from constantly revisiting the spot, and he is only frightened away at last by the whistle of a rifle ball.

The same contempt of distances is shown in his perambulations through forests: amid the recesses of which, he wanders with a strange caprice; at one time, pleased to lie on the outskirts of young plantations, in proximity to high pines, on the summit of the loftiest Thuringian hills: at others, partial to lower ground. In warm and genial weather he lies in the short underwood, and wanders into the cultivated fields. In wet weather, he takes shelter in the old forest. In the former case, he falls an easy prey to the hunter; in the latter, it is next to impossible to find him. He wanders out at night to feed, and is home at the earliest streak of dawn, retiring as far as possible from the haunts of men. The great improvement that has been lately made in Germany in the art of keeping and cutting forests, has brought the game in closer proximity to man, while the extension of cultivation has diminished the expanse of woods to which deer may retire for solitude. The result is, that although no perceptible difference has as yet been made in the growth and numbers of roe-deer, which are small and comparatively tame, the stag and his dam have become more and more scarce. Perpetually scared by the approach of men, they become of smaller size, and have horns of fewer points, and to those who care for stag-hunting it becomes a matter of necessity to shoot with discrimination, and not to commit too much slaughter; simply because, unless such precautions were observed, the race would, in time, probably disappear.

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